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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

Praise Meeting of the Flowers.

The flowers of many climates,
That bloom all seasons through,
Met in a stately garden,
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship,
The Lord they came to meet;
The box of precious ointment
The Rose broke at his feet.

The Passion-flower his symbol
Wore fondly on her breast;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please him best.

The Morning-glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets,
And praised the Master so.

"Thy words are like to honey,"
The Clover testified,
"And all who trust thy promise,
Shall in thy love abide."

The Lily said, "Oh, trust him,
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet his house of beauty
See how we enter in."

The King-cup and his kindred
Said, "Let us all be glad;
Of his redundant sunshine,
Behold how we are clad."

"And let us follow Jesus,"
The Star of Bethlehem said;
And all the band of star-flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad Sun-flower answered,
And little Daisies bright,
And all the cousin Asters,
"We follow toward the light."

"We praise him for the mountains,"
The Alpine roses cried;
"We bless him for the valleys,"
The Violets replied.

"We praise him," said the Air-plants,
For breath we never lack."
"And for the rocks we praise him,"
The Lichens answered back.

"We praise God for the waters,"
The Salt Sea-Mosses sighed;
And all his baptized Lilies
"Amen! Amen!" replied.

"And for the cool, green woodlands,
We praise and thanks return;"
Said Kalmias and Azalias,
And graceful, feathery Ferns.

"And for the wealth of gardens,
And all the gardener thinks,"
Said Roses and Camelias,
And all the sweet-breathed Pinks.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
The baby Bluets sang;
And little trembling Harebells
In softest music rang.

"The winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm;
Thanks for his loving kindness,
The earth's great heart is warm."

Thus spoke the Pilgrim May-flower,
That cometh after snow;
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that grow.

"Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet;"
Spake out the cheery Pansies,
And darling Mignonette.

STORY TELLER.

A Day in Tadousac.

When the head of the shipping firm of Freyteau, Wall et Cie, in Montreal, sent young Noel as their agent along the lower St. Lawrence, the other partners grumbled loudly. They were shrewd Americans; Noel a mere lad, Canadian-French, gay, crochety, wordy. He had, too, heavy sums to collect, and there was an ugly story afloat that his father had been a professional gambler. Pierre Noel was now old and imbecile, but his son insisted on taking him everywhere, and paid him an exaggerated respect. Wall et Cie grew very uneasy about their money. Blood, they said, would tell at last. But M. Freyteau was obstinate in his likings; he would not recall the lad. All they could do was to send the younger Will to look him up now and then, and to make a rigid account of his receipts.

It never occurred to Louis that he was suspected. Nothing short of a blow on the face would convince that careless fellow that anybody was his enemy. He made his headquarters at the lovely village of Tadousac for a reason, and he supposed the same reason brought James Wall there.

The two men, one August afternoon, met in the orchard of an old pension behind the village. The wind was frosty, and Noel brought a bench out from under the trees into the open sunshine for a younger er girl who was with them. James Wall sat down upon it beside her, crossed his stout legs comfortably, drew out the Quebec paper and looked at the quotations in lumber. Noel walked away. He could not come near Hester Page to-day. She had dropped a word or two to him last night, a mere nothing when one repeated it, yet very different from the cool, amused criticism with which she met him heretofore. He had repeated the words a thousand times to himself to-day. Could it be——?

He could not speak to her before Wall. He felt as if he must cry out with this sudden madness of hope that sent the blood through his body like a flame. He wandered about irresolutely, climbed a tree for some russet pears for her, and left them lying on the grass; lighted a cigar, smoked furiously and let it go out in his mouth, then began to sing with a tremendous discordant clatter.

Mr. Wall shuddered, then laughed compassionately, glancing at Miss Page. They were both admirable musicians, and often sang together with that accuracy and neatness of effect which peculiarly marked the words and movements of both.

"These Canadians are restless in body and mind as grasshoppers." James Wall's thick tones grew complacent and intimate with Miss Page. Were they not both Americans? This Noel and all unfortunate foreigners belonged to a great Ultima Thula outside of the States. She smiled, locked deliberately at Noel, then at Wall, then down to the pale blue web she was netting. With her deliberation, the pale blue net, the creamy gown fitting close to her neat rounded figure, and her lustreless brown hair and eyes, she made a centre of calm, of delicate color, which suited the faded hue of the autumnal day. Mr. Wall scanned her over his paper, pursing his thick lips with gusto. He had been calculating her merits and defects for a long time, but his mind was now made up. True, she had not money enough to pay her share of the board bills, nor brilliant beauty to push them on socially in Montreal. But some indefinable, latent power in the faint-colored, calm little woman, had conquered him. As much of the man as was not given up to the lumber interest or to worship of James Wall, was genuinely in love with her. He was a poor man, greedy of money, yet he meant to marry this penniless Baptist minister's daughter. Why not tell her so at once?

"Noel!" he called, "here Noel!" (It was just as well to let her know their relative positions, and that this scampish fellow, whose infatuation for her was the talk of the village, was only the paid servant of the firm). "I wish you to finish that report. I start for home to-night. By the way, I will take all your collections with me." Noel did not move. "D'ye hear? See to it at once."

"Chut! chut! No hurry." Louis lounged over the low stone wall, looking down the mountain. Below him was the uneven street of Tadousac, cut through beetling gray cliffs; the old cottages perched here and there, each sending out through its steep red or yellow or tinned roof a sleepy drift of smoke. Lights shone through the windows of the little ancient church; the door was open; he could see Grigneaux, the fat beadle, climbing into his high seat; then came Father Matthieu up the hill, half a dozen children of the habitants, with their wax-like features and glittering black eyes tugging at his gown. At the foot of the hill rolled the silent, fathomless tide of the Saguenay—that mystery of the north, black as the line drawn by Death through the live beauty and comfort of the hills and village. Just then the notes of a French horn filled the air with a melancholy sobbing. Louis gave a quick nod of satisfaction. That was his father; he always knew that the old man was happy as long as he was filling the world with his melodious piping. Some young fellows, his comrades on the pier, caught sight of Noel.

"Hi! hi! Louis!" they called.

He shouted back, waving his hat to Pere Matthieu, who laughed and nodded. Two Sisters of Mercy, pacing decorously in their black robes to the church, glanced furtively up and smiled to each other. The whole village knew and liked the merry fellow and the old father of whom he was very fond.

The gate clicked. Wall, tired of waiting on him, had gone angrily away.

"Thanks to God!" chuckled Noel. He hurried toward Hester, then stopped short in a spasm of shame. Who was he? To go to her to ask her to give herself to him? The first man in the world was not fit to touch her! Look at her sitting there, the sun shining full on her! Her hands went with their work, in and out, in and out. The monotony of motion maddened him. For two days he had followed her, faithful as a dog. It had been almost enough to see her, to hear her speak now and then. If he told her now that he loved her, he would risk all this; she would drive him away. Never to see Hester again? Never? If she married Wall? For a moment he could not get his breath—the world gaped empty about him.

Then his blood swelled with sudden triumph. Why, he was not a child; he was a man, that was the dear woman that he loved! He went to her, leaping over a fallen tree, and threw himself breathless on the grass. Hester, amused, looked down at his sensitive face and burning eyes.

"I heard you singing, Monsieur Noel," she said, after a while.

"Oh! Did you like my voice?" eagerly, "My father does. I don't know. He is a great musician. Perhaps—would you like me to sing to you now?"

"No," Hester smiled. "You can talk to me instead," she added, shyly.

Noel did not answer. He rose slowly, and leaned against a tree, looking steadily down into her face. She saw how he trembled, though she did not raise her eyes. The very wind was still. A cricket chirping in the stubble counted off the long minutes; far away swelled and sank the low chanting in the church. Hester's fingers still went in and out of that wearisome net, but they shook now—she could not see her work. It seemed to her as if all had been already said between them.

"Hester," he broke out at last, "you must have known it this a long time. I suppose it seems mad folly to you. I know! I'm only Louis Noel. I'm a headlong, good-for-nothing fellow. But——

He caught her hand and stroked it passionately in his cold fingers.

Hester glanced up at the pension windows. She did not forget to be decorous.

"No! Don't speak yet!" I know the Americans think me flighty—a vaurien. But I can work. I can make you such a happy home here in Tadousac. Oh, I know all your whims and fancies! I'm a weak little fellow; but I love you so that I could keep trouble away from you as if I were God.

Hester looked at him thoughtfully. She had known for a year that each of these two men would ask her to be his wife, and she knew precisely what answer she would give them, but she was not going to be hurried out of her orderly course.

Louis drew back. "You will not—take my love."

His sudden pallor and relaxed features annoyed her. What was the use, after all, of such wearisome tragic emotions?

"I will see you again," she said, coldly; "we are not alone now. Mr. Wall——"

Wall stood within the gate. Noel turned and joined him without a word. As the men went together, a branch of woodbine struck against one of their faces. Miss Page, when she was alone, broke it off and shyly put it to her lips with a bright blush.

"Bring the reports and money here," said Wall, when they reached the house.

"The money," stammered Noel; "it is in a sealed package. Is it necessary to count it?"

Noel's suppressed excitement as he left Hester had startled Wall. He eyed his dazed face now with sudden suspicion.

"Bring me the money," he said, sharply.

Louis ran up to his chamber. There were steps overhead, then a pause. Ten minutes, half an hour passed. Then the door opened and he stood in it. He looked shrunken and years older than when he went out.

"The money is gone, Wall," he said.

"The money? Gone? What do you mean?"

"The package. I sealed it yesterday. I locked it in my desk——"

"And it is gone?"

Noel sank on a chair near the door. Wall went up to him. He was a powerfully built man, and towered over Louis, who was but a young fellow. "Bring me that money," he said.

Noel pushed him away steadily. "Keep your hands off of me. I must think. This means more to me than to you."

Wall drew back. There was a moment's silence. "It means ruin to you. Look at me, Noel. This will not surprise the firm. They have long suspected you. You cannot pass it off as an accident. Now, listen. If that money is not within my hands in an hour, I must return to Montreal to-night and make all known. Even if Freyteau will not consent to your arrest, you will be discharged." He lowered his voice. "Miss Page will not be likely to marry a penniless vagabond and a—thief."

"What of Miss Page?" said a clever voice behind him.

Louis stood up. Wall turned and faced her, a slow heat of triumph rising in his heavy jaws and half-shut blue eyes. There had been some softening of pity in his tone just now, but now he remembered that this man was his rival and was in his power. James Wall was not the man to delay using that power for one remorseful moment.

"Monsieur Noel is in difficulty," he said, gravely, looking down and rubbing his well-kept nails as though in embarrassment. "His returns to the firm—there is a deficiency of several thousand pounds."

Hester went quickly up to Noel. There was something wholesome and invigorating in her decisive step, in the keen common-sense lighting of her brown eyes.

"You can set this right, of course?" she said.

"I have not spent the money. It was in my desk yesterday."

She looked at him a moment, then for the first time in her life laid her on his arm.

"Monsieur Noel, you are not yourself! You have been robbed. Why do you stand here? Why do you not make search—arrest the servants?"

Noel avoided her eye. "I will not do that," he said, "They did not take it."

"He does not understand of what you accuse him," she said impatiently to Wall, who laughed contemptuously.

"I do not understand. I wish search for the money again." He turned to Wall: "The boat will not be in for an hour. Give me that time."

The stupor was shaken off. Something of his usual gusty, awkward vehemence was in his manner as he went. But when Wall said, "He knows he will not bring the money back," Miss Page secretly felt that he was right. She took up her netting and seated herself by the window.

"We will wait here until the hour is over," she said, quietly, and Wall recognized himself as a prisoner. A stronger will than his had resolved on justice for Noel. He could not go out, as he had intended, to publish the theft in Tadousac.

"Unfortunately," he said, "suspicion has been directed against this young man for some time. A charming fellow, too! A thousand pities."

Hester's fingers steadily went in and out of the blue web, but she remained silent.

Noel on the upper floor halted at the door of a chamber next to his own. Within the French horn sounded a wailing cry. He stood a moment, drew a long breath of gathered strength, and went in smiling. M. Noel, seated by the window, rose quickly to meet him, laying down his instrument carefully. He wore a velvet jacket, and a cap on his long white hair. Noel took as much fond pride in devising picturesque costumes for his father as a woman would for her baby. His features were sensitive and fine as those of Louis, but the eyes were shallow and glassy, and there was a perpetual deprecating smile on the mouth.

"Is it time for our walk, my son?" he said, speaking the pure French of the old families of Quebec.

Louis, with the smile still on his face, placed a chair. "We will talk a little first, father." Standing behind him, his hands on his shoulders, he glanced at the clock. Not an hour! Yet if he frightened the old man he could discover nothing. He talked of different matters, and then said;

"How did you amuse yourself to-day, sir?"

"With my music, Louis, and I strolled across the mountains."

"With these also?" taking from a drawer a pack of greasy cards. M. Noel started up pale and trembling as a guilty child.

"They are not mine! They were lent to me! I only play a little game of solitaire."

"Why, assuredly! Do you ever wager with yourself, sir? One hand against the other?"

"Why, I never tried that!" chuckling, delighted. "I wager with Jacques when we play. A trifle—bah!"

"And the money to play with? You hide it as you used to do? Here—there—where Jacques cannot find it."

M. Noel nodded complacently. "Trust me for that. Nobody will ever find it. Why, there are places among the rocks—

Louis looked out at the vast stretch of mountain ledges over which his father had wandered that day. The clock ticked faster.

"Father," he said, coming in front of him.

"My son! Who has hurt you?" The gentleman's face was full of terror. "What have they done to you? You never looked like that, Louis."

"Never mind. It is all right, father, all right," kneeling down before him, and soothing him. He thought if he told him the truth, surely God would awaken some spark of intelligence in the poor dead brain to help him. The hour was nearly over. His strait was desperate.

"There was some money in a package in my desk, father. It is gone. Do you know where it is?"

The tenderness faded out of the blue eyes. They grew by turns perplexed, vacant, then cunning. "Ah, Louis. Youwant to find out my hiding places to store your money. Va! Va! We old people have our little secrets, eh?" clucking with his tongue.

Noel started up. "Oh, for God's sake! You are my father! Be a man again! Come back this once to save me!"

A shadow of comphrension struggled into the vacant face, like life galvanized into a corpse. Then it died out. "You frighten me," he cried.

"I did not see the money."

Louis was no fool. He saw how he could shelter himself by leaving the crime where it undoubted belonged. It would probably be condoned as the act of an imbecile. He threw his arms with a shudder around the old man, and reverently kissed the gray head.

"Do not be frightened, father," he said, gently; "nothing shall harm you."

A moment later, Hester, hearing his firm steps without, rose. "He has the money!" she said.

Wall also rose. "You have found it?"

"No."

Noel, all of his life vehement and passionate, stood now quiet and resolute, while Wall swaggered uncertainly.

"You know the consequences, Noel?" You are accountable. I can do nothing for you. It shall telegraph the firm from Quebec, and return to-morrow."

"The money," said Louis, slowly, "may be forthcoming by that time."

"So late a repentance will hardly save you," sneered Wall. "If it were not for Freyteau, I would order your arrest at once."

He turned irresolutely to Miss Page, bowed, and without speaking left the room, going immediately down to the little steamer which lay at the pier.

Hester went up to Louis. "You do not defend yourself," she said, with a queer choking in her voice.

"No."

"You did not even say that you were not guilty?"

Their eyes met. There was a long silence. Noel put his hand up to his mouth uncertainly.

"I can say nothing." He turned away.

She stood still, her clear eyes following him, her unconscious fingers tearing the web she had netted bit by bit. It fell in a heap on the floor. She came to his side with a little rush as Pere Matthieu entered the room.

"I will speak for you then," sliding her hand into his arm. "Ah, Father, congratulate, us! I have accepted Monsieur Noel. I must announce our betrothal. It is our custom in the States.

The good father was shocked at her want of decorum. Her cheeks burned, her eyes shone with soft brilliance. "Come, come!" she cried. "We may yet be in time to tell the news to our friend James Wall. It will cheer him on his voyage."

She almost dragged Louis down to the garden which overlooked the pier, on which a little crowd had gathered. He held her back.

"You shall not blast your life for me! Why do you do this?"

"Because I love you," she sobbed.

At that instant Wall, stepping from a little bateau on to the deck of the steamer, looked up. He saw her clinging to Noel's arm; started and hastily drew back; the bateau rocked, overturned, and Wall, with the Indian boatman, was struggling in the water. The Indian, who swam like a fish, easily gained the land, but Wall was washed a helpless lump, under the steamer, and then drifted down into the black, resistless current of the Saguenay.

Hester was a gentle creature, but she certainly did remember that the drowning man was the only witness against Noel. On the contrary, Louis in an instant was his old self, frantic with excitement, shouting, kicking off his boots.

"Where are you going?" she said, sharply. "Why, Wall cannot swim," he cried plunging into the rushing flood. Both men disappeared in the night. The whole village gathered on the pier, crying, swearing, talking at once. Pere Matthieu ordered out boats, and went in one himself, which presently brought the man ashore. Louis was conscious and staggered to his feet. They laid Wall's heavy body under the trees and stood about it with their lanterns, while Pere Matthieu drew on his coat and put his ear to his breast.

"He is alive," he said. "Carry him—"

But Hester's keen eyes saw what no one else did. She swooped down on the prostrate body like a white bird on its prey. "Stop!" she cried, wildly, drawing something from his breast. "Take witness, all of you, that I take this from him. It is a package marked 'Louis Noel, Five thousand pounds. Oh, Louis! Louis!"

Noel put his arm round her and led her away. Her passionate love filled him with such a new, keen joy, that he did not fully understand the meaning of what had happened. When he did, he only said, humbly: Then I wronged father. God forgive me! Let us go to him, Hester."

He was eager to tell him that the American girl of whom the old man was so fond had promised to stay with him in Tadousac and be his wife. Here surely was heaven opened.

When James Wall, clothed and in his right mind, entered the pension an hour or two later, he found the three together chattering and laughing. They grew silent as he approached.

"They tell me I owe you my life, Noel," he said, hoarsely.

Louis turned away. It hurt him to see the man's humiliation. It did not hurt Hester one whit.

"Here is my money," she said, sweetly smiling, tapped the package. "Mensieur Noel will himself transmit it to Montreal."

Wall looked into the soft taunting yees one breathless moment. "I did it for you, woman," he said, and turned away.

Louis Noel never mentioned Wall's name after that day. But his wife often did, always adding, "There was much good in that man after all."

—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Our Continent.*

Rodrigo Diaz, the Cid Campeador.

There is no name more celebrated in Spanish song and story than that of Rodrigo Diaz. Unfortunately, however, his history is mixed up with a great deal of fiction.

Spain had been invaded some time before the birth of Rodrigo by the Moors, and a greater part of it conquered by them. The Christians were always fighting with them, and Diaz rendered the Christians great service. He was born at a little village called Vibar. His father was Diego Sainez and his mother was Teresa Rodiguez. The date of his birth is uncertain; some authors say 1025, others 1040. He early took up arms against the Moors and won great renown, capturing five Moorish Kings, who had invaded Castile. It is said that his father was insulted and struck in the face by Count Gomez, and being too old to avenge the insult Rodrigo took up the quarrel, met the Count in a duel, slew him, and brought his head to his father. In spite of this Ximena, the daughter of Count Gomez, foreseeing that he would be the greatest man in Spain, sought and obtained Diaz's hand in marriage, and proved a loving and faithful wife to him.

Ferdinando I., King of Castile, Seon and Galicai, died in 1056, and by his will he divided his kingdom among his three sons and two daughters—to Sancho II., he left Castile, to Alphonso VI., he gave Seon, to Garcia he bequeathed Galicia, while to his daughter Urraca he left the city of Toro, and to her sister Elvira, the city of Zamora. Ferdinando was hardly buried before war broke out between his children. Sancho claimed all the kingdoms which his father had ruled over and called the cid to his aid and made him commander of his troops. The word Cid is a corruption form the Moorish word "Seid"—Lord, while Campeador means champion. The Cid conquered the whole family of Ferdinando, and put their possessions into Sancho's hands. Sancho died in 1072, and his brothers recovered their kingdoms. Alfonso, however, soon turned his arms against his brother Garcia, whom he took prisoner. Rodrigo suspected that Alphonso had assassinated his brother Sancho, but when he swore that "he neither slew him, nor took counsel for his death," the Cid took service under him, and by his aid Alphonso conquered Castile, and, uniting it with Leon, Galicia and Portugal, formed a kingdom over which he ruled under the title of Emperor of all Spain. Alphonso never forgave Diaz for making him swear that he had no hand in his brother Sancho's death, and while he used his services when he could not well dispense with them, endeavor to humiliate him whenever he had a chance to do so with safety. The king compelled him to give his daughters, Elvira and Sol, in marriage to the two Counts of Carrion. Diaz did not like the Counts, and as they ill-treated his daughters and the law gave no redress, he appointed champions who met them in the lists and defeated them, thus setting the two Diaz ladies free to marry other husbands. The king often took part with the enemies of the Cid, and even banished him several times, but always had to take him into favor again on finding that when he was away the royal troops were in danger of being defeated.

The Cid captured the city of Valencia from the Moorish chief Ibn Jehaf after an obstinate resistance. He called the inhabitants together and made the following speech:

"When I first saw this city it pleased me, and I desired it; and I besought the Lord to make me master of it. See how great is the power of the Lord. On the day when I reached Cebolla, I had no more than four loaves, and now God has been so merciful as to give me Valencia, and I am lord of the city. In fact, justly in it God will retain me in possession, if I do unjustly he will turn me out. So let every one recover his estates and enjoy them as before, he who finds his lands ploughed, let him take possession, let him who finds them sowed and cultivated pay for the seed and the labor. I desire likewise that the collectors of imports shall demand only a tenth, according to your custom. I have determined to hear you two days in every week. Monday and Thursday; but if you have any urgent business, come when you please, and I will hear you; as I am not a man to shut myself up with women, to eat and drink like your nobles, who can rarely be seen. I shall attend to your business myself, as your companion, and protect you as a friend and father." Although he did not exactly keep the promise made in the above speech, still on the whole the Cid was a more merciful ruler than Ibn Jehaf, whom he conquered. The fate of the latter was sad. Diaz had promised him safety not only for himself but also for his family when he surrendered, but he broke his word. Ibn Jehaf was placed in a pit up to the waist, and surrounded by a wall of dry wood to which fire was applied, and he was burned to death. Diaz intended to burn his family also, but was induced to relent at the last moment and spare them. Although such condition would be looked upon as barbarous now, it was not uncommon at that period—the conquered was then completely at the mercy of the conqueror.

The Cid died in July, 1099, after rendering great service to Christian Spain. His remains have been removed several times; the last time in July, 1826, to the Monastery of Cardena. In spite of royal ingratitude and injustice, he was always true to his King and country.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O., March 30th.
Cleveland, O., April 6th.
St. Louis, Saturday, April 15th, Lecture.
St. Louis, Sunday, April 16th
Chicago, Ill., April 21st—Lecture.
Rockford, Ill., Saturday, April 22d—Service.
Rockford, Ill. Sunday, April 23d—Confirmation.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

ONE of the strangest, and at the same time the most disgusting, traits that characterizes a great many deaf-mutes is a total disregard for the benefits secured to them by the labors of those who preach the Gospel unto them. If a deaf-mute or hearing person should *lecture* before an audience, he would at the conclusion receive an unanimous vote of thanks, and unstinted praise and favorable comment afterwards. But, although we find eminent and large-hearted men ministering to the spiritual wants of the deaf continually, we very seldom hear of their receiving thanks of any kind, and very often are witnesses to unjust comment and criticism towards them. The average mute seems to think that the Lord will repay them for their labor, and that earthly thanks are of no consequence. It can not be doubted that they will reap the reward that is always accorded to those who go about doing good, by Him who seeth all things; yet a little encouragement and display of gratitude would go a long way towards lightening their any but easy labor. We know of mutes who go to church, ostensibly to profit by the teachings of the minister, and instead of demonstrating the good that has been done them, deliberately neglect the precepts which they have been taught, and slander the benefactor who taught them. Every one who has merely the outward semblance of manhood without the noble characteristics that should accompany it, is sure to betray himself some time, and one of the surest and truest indication that a man is a coward, is when he speaks ill of those who wish him well. It is very far from brave to attack a minister. Opinions and theories on topics concerning religion may be different, but that is no excuse for maligning the individual. The whole world profits by the teachings of the Christian religion, and it stands to reason that if such is the universal result, it would greatly advance the well-being of deaf-mutes, if they would truly try to become good and earnest—not bigoted and fanatical—in their attitude towards every one who labors for their spiritual welfare. The way to encourage others is by your own personal example, and that will also encourage those who are trying to instil into your minds the precepts which cannot but have a beneficial influence. Let us have more generosity and gratitude, and let us encourage by word and by deed all who are laboring in our behalf, and before long we shall see the good effect our endeavors will have, not only upon us individually, but upon all of the large and ever-increasing numbers of deaf and dumb.

A MR. PLACE, of Lincoln, Neb., has invented an attachment to a locomotive cow catcher, that will be of interest to those deaf-mutes who prefer the railroad for a promenade. It has been designed for the purpose of frightening cattle from the track; but we see in it a wider and more useful sphere in acting as an alarm to the deaf-mute who plods his weary way upon the railroad tie. The device consists of a steam pipe leading from the boiler of the engine under the cow-catcher, and connected with a bent pipe secured under the nose or lower rail of the cow-catcher. This pipe is perforated with numerous small holes. There is a cock connected by a rod to the lever placed in the engine cab, in convenient position for operation by the fireman or engineer. On turning the cock, water will be forced out, and thrown some distance ahead of the engine. The device has yet to be adopted by the various railroads. Perhaps it will be by some of them. The deaf-mute track walker will, in such case, have time to realize where he is going to before the engine greets him in the rear. An unfailing indication that the train is approaching, is when he can feel the hot water behind his ear. But, seriously, an effective invention of the character we have just described, might lessen the terrible railroad mortality among deaf-mutes, and for their sake we hope it may prove practically useful, and be generally adopted. No amount of advice will prevent deaf-mutes from walking on the railroad, and the fate of so many seems to be so ineffectual a corrective, that any device which may afford even a possibility of protection to them will be gladly welcomed. In the meantime, let no one suppose that the danger will be lessened thereby; the first precept that will ever have to be instilled in the deaf-mute mind, is a warning to keep off the track.

NOTICES.

Rev. Dr. Weston, a director of the N. Y. Institution for Deaf-Mutes, invites the deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity to attend service in St. John's Chapel, Varick street, near Laight, on Sunday, March 26th, at 10.30 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret and make an address to the congregation respecting "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

God willing, there will be a service for Deaf-Mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., at three P.M., on Sunday, March 26th.

News for Chicago Mutes.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

"5 CHESTNUT STREET, CLEVELAND, O.
"February 25th, 1882.

"THE REV'D FREDERICK COURTNEY, D.D.,
"*Rector of St. James Church, Chicago, Ill.,*

"DEAR BROTHER:—I forgot to ask you the other day while at your house on a matter that has been on my mind for a while past.

"I have wished to deliver lectures on literary subjects on week day evenings to my people in Chicago, in addition to missionary work. The serious difficulty has been in relation to a place for the purpose. My people, by which I mean deaf-mutes, are a mere handful in comparison to other people. They belong mostly to the working classes, and are, therefore, unable to bear the large expense of renting a room or hall. Could there be any objection to the use of the basement of St. James Church, once in a while, not often, I think? The Literary Society of Deaf-Mutes of New York City meets in the basements of St. Ann's Church; that of Philadelphia in some part, I believe, of St. Stephen's Church. Should there be any such expense as fees to sexton and of fuel and gas, I think that there will be a means of meeting it. Only a part of the large room need be lighted, and that near the platform.

"I am, Dear Brother,
"Yours faithfully,
"A. W. MANN."

DR. COURTNEY'S REPLY.

"CHICAGO, ILL.,
"Feb. 23, 1882.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I will bring the matter on which you write to the notice of my Vestry at their next meeting on Monday, 6th March, and will see if they can grant you the use of a portion of our premises, which I hope they may do.

"Yours very faithfully,
"F. COURTNEY."

ACTION OF VESTRY.

"REAL ESTATE OFFICE, W. D. KERFOOT & CO.,
"CHICAGO, March 8th 1882.

"REV. A. W. MANN,
"5 CHESTNUT STREET, CLEVELAND, O.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—At a meeting of the Vestry of St. James Church, your letter of February 20th, 1882, to Rev. F. Courtney being read, it was unanimously moved, and agreed that the basement of the church be placed at your disposal, to be used for lectures on literary subjects for benefit of deaf-mutes (your people) in this city and vicinity.

"I am dear sir,
"Truly yours,
"W. D. KERFOOT,
"*Secretary of Vestry.*"

REV. A. W. MANN'S REPLY.

"5 CHESTNUT STREET, CLEVELAND, O.
"March 13th, 1882.

"MR. W. D. KERFOOT, *Secretary of Vestry,*
"*St. James Church, Chicago, Ill.:*

"MY DEAR SIR:—I hasten, on my return home from a missionary trip through Michigan and Indiana, to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 8th instant, conveying the resolution of the Vestry granting the use of the basement of the church for the purpose indicated in my letter to Rev. Dr. Courtney.

"I very greatly appreciate this kind action of the Vestry, and box the privilege of making an expression of thanks to them for it.

"I am, dear sir,
"Yours sincerely,
"A. W. MANN."

Agreeably to the permisson granted as above, I expect to deliver a lecture on the life and writings of Charles Dickens on Friday evening, April 21st. To accommodate those who must come a long distance, the lecture will not begin until 8 o'clock.

A. W. MANN.

Honor to whom honor is due.

It has been suggested by the venerable Thomas Brown that the next convention of the N. E. G. A. should be held in New Hampshire. I for one agree to it, for the reason that there have been none held there since Miss Morrison died, as it will be more fitting to her honor on account of the $500 legacy, than to be held any where else. After that I should not care where it should be held in the future. My wife agrees with me to have it in either Manchester or Concord, as both cities have ample railroad and hotel accommodations. Let us all do honor to the one who gave the association such a good start, and show our gratitude by holding the next convention there, and the sooner the committee names the date and place the better for them. Who comes next in support of the venerable Tom?

SAM'L HAMILTON.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Richard Herrick lives in Port Chester, Westchester Co., N. Y.

David Morris, who used to live in Dalton, O., has gone to Doylestown to work.

A Canada correspondent is informed that Dr. Gallandet's address is No. 9 West 18th Street, New York City.

Pach Brothers, photographers of New York City, took some views of the Lexington Avenue School last week.

James A. Mitchell, who now lives in Brockville, Canada, was a pupil at the Colorado Institution for three years.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, of New York City, has so far recovered her health that she will occupy her old residence with her husband on or about May 1st.

Messrs. T. Cummings and W. Friend, of Braddock, work in the Edgar Thomson Steel-Rail Works, and earn more than hundred a dollars per month.

In a recent conversation with Wm. Fitzgerald, of New York City, a JOURNAL representative learned that the reported bequest of $20,000 to St. Ann's Church is without foundation.

Mr. Harvey Blakeley, of Greenwich, Conn., is employed in a screw factory. He is a skilful hand, and has a large circle of friends, to whom he is endeared by many excellent qualities of head and heart.

John Hogan, Esq., roundly denounced "XXX" as a fraud last week. He took objection to an item in the JOURNAL of last week in regard to his having left Trow's printing establishment. He says he is still employed there.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Denver, Colorado, and his friend W. A. Jackson, were present at at the Boston Society room last Sunday forenoon. Mr. Livingstone is enjoying himself in New England, and expects to return West in ten days.

Gustave Conold, who left the Ohio Institution a short time ago, expects to work at shoemaking in July, at Milton, O., about sixteen miles from his present home. He tried to get a job on the railroad, but the boss objected on account of his deafness.

The youngest niece of Miss Mira Warren, of Albany, N. Y., joined Rev. Dr. Wood's Fourth Presbyterian Church, of Albany, Sunday, March 12th, and partook of communion. She is only 12 years of age. Her oldest niece also joined, she is 14 years of age.

A correspondent says:—"Another special meeting was held by the M. L. A., Thursday evening last. Wonder if it was to decide whether or not it would be able to insist upon Prof. Jones paying twenty-five cents for the privilege of delivering his lecture."

Mr. James L. Welte, a deaf-mute employed in the Government Printing office, Washington, recently invested a dollar in a can of coffee, at the saleroomms of the Importers' Tea Company, of Washington. Much to his surprise and gratification, the bargain proved a bonanza, and returned a watch worth $18.00. James feels proud and happy in consequence.

The Mississippi Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has a bright future before it. February 24th, a bill passed the lower house of the Mississippi Legislature without a dissenting vote, appropriating $14,000 for building and improvements, $1,250 for trades, $3,000 to provide for the colored department, and $300 for a teacher of Articulation. Its passage through the Senate is looked on as a foregone conclusion. Printing will soon be introduced, and then we may look for another addition to the list of our Deaf-Mute Exchanges.—*Optic.*

In Memory of David E. Bartlett.

The Bartlett memorial association, which was formed in Norwich last year by the deaf-mutes and their friends for the purpose to commemorate the services of Prof. David E. Bartlett, for fifty years a teacher of the deaf and dumb, have succeeded in raising sufficient funds and procuring a splendid tablet, which they design putting in a Norwich church. The tablet consists of a well-cut profile of Mr. Bartlett in white marble, handsomely set upon a slab of polished black marble, upon which the inscription is to be placed.—*Conn. Post.*

"Terwilleger Fitzpatrick, Esq.'s" Picnic.

"Terwilleger Fitzpatrick, Esq., always likes fun—at somebody else's expense. He, however, had all the fun he wanted Saturday evening last. With his coal-black long hair well oiled, and a blue silk handkerchief prominently displayed from his coat pocket, he glided majestically down Madison Square at about nine o'clock, on pleasure bent. Arriving at the entrance to Barnum's, he was soon tightly packed in the "mad, ignoble" crowd. His glossy high hat was unceremoniously jammed down over his nose, which got skun in the process, and his pet corn appeared to be the magnet which drew every hoof in the crowd on top of it. With considerable difficulty he extricated himself and hobbled over to the other side of the street, where he sat down on the curbstone to forcibly explain to the air his views on the mud-cow-proportioned hoofs of the American people.

MORAL.—Sunday is a solemn sort of a day, but there is a solemner sort of a night that comes after it.

There are four or five deaf-mutes around Deer Creek, Minn.

Miss Bridget O'Brien, lives in Portland, Me., and is a dressmaker.

It is reported that John F. Dixon will be married to a lady of Falmouth Me., in the spring.

Mrs. Annie Yeager, wife of the baker of the Staunton, Va., Institution, died of consumption on the 14th inst.

Mr. P. Fenny moved from Gorham to Sanford, Me., on the 20th of March. He works in a factory and gets good wages.

Alex. Dezendorf, of Philadelphia, will be an honorary member of the Twilight Union. He expects to start for Phila. March 25th—his birthday.

The Boston deaf-mutes ask why don't Mr. George Holmes invite Mr. George McEwan to lecture before the society on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. J. F. W——, of Maine, wants to know where Miss Flora Mason lives. She was her classmate at school, and has heard nothing from her for the past eight years.

Early in the morning of the 16th inst., Mr. E. Duran, of South Boston, Mass., bade his friend, Mr. McEwan, who sailed for Liverpool, Eng., by the steamship Parisian, farewell.

Mr. John F. W——, of Maine, came out March 11th, and was surprised to see Mr. Charles Stevens. He was sick and confined to his bed two weeks ago, but is getting better.

Mrs. Barnard, of Boston, was present at the meeting of the Twilight Union at the residence of Miss Emma V. Reid, in Brooklyn, Friday evening, the 17th inst., and enjoyed herself very much.

George Pepin went to Mt. Clemens, Mich., for the purpose of seeing what wages could be obtained, but finding he could make more money in his old place at County Line, Mich., he returned there.

A surprise party was given to Mr. Dechant, a minister of Catawissa, Pa., on the 16th inst., Mrs. Nu-s, the mother of a pupil at the Philadelphia Institution, took a prominent part on the occasion. Mr. N. J. Ellis was present.

Mrs. Barnard, of Boston, was kindly invited by Mrs. Mary Dezendorf to dine, on Wednesday, the 15th inst. She said she had enjoyed herself very much in the City of Churches, and that she expects to return to Boston on the 21st of this month.

A couple of weeks ago, in Mr. John Magee's house, Boston, Mass., Messrs. Edward Duran, Henry A. Boutelier and Wm. Carter, played seven up against Messrs. McEwan, Magee and Krause. The former won three games, and all had a very enjoyable time.

Last Tuesday, accompanied by her loving mother, Mrs. Emily Keilt went to Franklin Park, N. J., to attend the funeral of a friend. They expect to remain in Franklin for a few days. Her brother was unable to be present at the funeral owing to illness.

Jacob Reibentaz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was recently seen purchasing a silk hat, a pair of kid gloves and a white necktie. This is no surprise to his many friends, as it is well known he will soon lead to the altar a charming speaking lady, but he refuses to name the date.

On the afternoon of the 19th inst., Messrs. Magee, Carter, Duran and Reynold, visited the great ocean steamship, City of Berlin. They were very much interested in her. She will probably sail for New-York next week, before proceeding on her voyage to England.

Mr. Elias Perkins, of South Bangor, N. Y., has written us a very interesting letter. He met his deaf-mute sister lately, and had a pleasant conversation. He regrets that her husband is in poor health. Mr. Perkins also says that there are many uneducated mutes in his county.

Mrs. John A. Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, was very much pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Charles Zimmerman, of Chicago, Alex. Dezendorf, of Philadelphia, Morris Hanneman, of New York, Mr. McColville, Misses Katie and Alice Taylor, of Brooklyn, and Charles D. Newton, of the New York School, last Sunday.

Despite the storm, there was quite a large gathering in the Hall of the House to witness an exhibition by pupils of the American Institution for the Deaf and Dumb of the city. About twenty pupils were present, and gave a very interesting show of the method by which they are taught.—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

The mother of Miss Mira Warren, of Albany N. Y., was nearly run over by the cars. She was in a sleigh, in a company with her brother, and they did not see the engine until it was a few yards off. The horse was brushed by the engine and slightly hurt, but the occupants of the sleigh were uninjured.

William S. Gibbs has laid a mammoth egg on the spacious table of our sanctum, the product of a Plymouth Rock pullet of eight months, measuring 6½ x 7½ inches. Our table is in readiness for further efforts in emulation of the above. Only come one at a time, gentlemen. We would mention, by the way, that Mr. G. has sold five P. R. hens and a rooster for $6.—*Wayne County (N. Y.) Alliance.*

W. W. Swartz, of Catawissa, Pa., has been gone for more than four weeks, and has not come back, it is not known when he will. He is staying with his reverend brother at Northumberland, where a married couple of mutes live; of course he is enjoying their company very much. Jarrad would like to see him once more, though he is contented and hopes to see him before long. Bub, accept Jarrad's wishes for your good success in your place where you are at pleasant. He is pretty well, and hopes you are the same.

John H. Time, of Earlville, Md., writes as follows:—"We like your paper best. We have three speaking children now. We lost two by death. We moved to this place, which I bought, last September. It is a nice little farm, and there are plenty of peach trees, apple trees, a few pear trees and one big walnut tree. I am going to plant corn, potatoes and sweet potatoes. I am going to put up a new, big garden fence soon. We have written to Mr. Thomas Conroy, of Philadelphia, but we have got no answer from him for a long time. We would like to hear from him through the JOURNAL. My wife is a mute sister of Thomas Conroy, and he ought to answer her letters, as she is always anxious to hear from him."

DIED.

PAGE—At her residence in Biddeford, Me., at five o'clock P.M., on Friday, March 17th, Mrs. Mary, wife of John W. Page, aged 60 years. She leaves a husband and four daughters to mourn her loss. The funeral took place on Tuesday, March 21st, at two o'clock.

Emma R——, of Philadelphia, has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

Mr. M. F. Chesver is teaching Miss Annie Fahy to weave on a loom in the Pittsfield, Mass., mill.

Elon B. Gay lives in Nashua, N. H., on the North Hollis Road Junction, about a mile from the City Hall.

Mrs. Mary A. Tainter, of Georgetown, N. Y., saw the first robin of the season at Georgetown, on March 18th.

John J. Sheridan is still working at the Franklin Iron works, Oneida Co., N. Y. He gets nice wages.

Henry Stengels has been seriously ill, but is now out of danger. A correspondent hopes he will be his old self ere long.

Frank Esselstine has been making railroad ties in Minnesota, but is now cutting wood. He made from 25 to 37 ties per day.

A matrimonial paradox.—What is there that will beat a good deaf and dumb wife? A bad speaking husband.—*Keyport Weekly.*

Julius P. Lang paid a special visit to a friend at the New York School, last Tuesday evening. Every thing goes first-rate with him.

The *Keyport Weekly* says: "A mute peddler has lately discovered that bed bug bites will cure rheumatism. He keeps a cheap lodging house."

Mr. Willie Frey, of Jersey City, N. J., will probably go to Baltimore to see his wife next Summer. His many friends in that city will doubtless be glad to see him.

George L. Miller is still at work in the Loring Blake Organ Factory, Worcester, Mass. The factory was partially burned last winter, but has been re-fitted.

TO MESSRS. TILLINGHAST AND PACKARD.:

GENTLEMEN:—Will you send to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL the names (to be published) of the mutes who should pay the membership fee?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Two mute gentlemen, Bastion and Bedford, called on Miss Emma White at Pontoosuc, and had a fine time. Miss White has a mute brother who was educated at Hartford.

Two deaf-mutes, names unknown, went to Norwich, Ct., and got work in the mill where W. F. Slocum is employed. They only worked a day and a half, and then left for Fall River, Mass.

There are four deaf-mutes working in the Wire Mills in Worcester, Mass. Their names are W. H. Green, Charles E. Knight, Stanton F. Wheeler and George L. Burrucker. Chas. E. Knight is a carpenter in the Wire Mills, and the others are wire drawers.

H. W. Miner, of Norwich, Ct., bought a horse and buggy in New York last December, and took them home by the Stonington. He likes them very well, and uses them to go to church every Sunday. His teacher on Sunday is Mr. Edmund.

Robert I. Furney's mute sister and her husband are living in Faribault, Minn. He is a carpenter. They have four hearing and speaking girls. His family is doing well. They moved there from Nashua, Ia., last October.

Friday last, Charles D. Newton, of the New York School, visited his best friend, Alexander Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, and remained with him till the following Monday. He will be sorry when Alex. leave the City of Churches.

Frank P. Blodgett, of Nashua, N. H., went to New York and visited the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the shops and JOURNAL office. He says that the Institution is beautiful, and that he had a splendid time.

The friends and chums of Solomon H. Winne, miss him very much from the New York School. He had been unwell at school for some time, and went to his home to regain better health. We hope he will, very soon, be among us again, enjoying the best of health and spirits.

A large sized portrait of Mr. Robert D. Livingstone is hung in the office of the Boston Custom House, where he used to work. It is understood that he is well remembered by the Custom House clerks. A good compliment to Mr. Livingstone. Undoubtedly he was very popular there.

"A subscriber" writes that he will not agree with "Elizabeth Jane & Co.," who think that the coming convention should be more properly held in Hartford, Ct., than any where else; but he thinks Manchester, N. H., is the best place for the convention, and he would like to have every mute vote for Manchester, N. H.

Last Saturday evening, Messrs. J. F. Lang, H. F. Greer, F. Klingman and W. Temple, took a trip on the Hudson R. R. R., to Tarrytown, N. Y., and enjoyed a pleasant visit. Three of them returned to New York City the Sunday following. Klingman was left behind. He proposes to start for Wisconsin next Saturday. He is in very delicate health.

Albert A. Devoe, Jr., of New York City, went to Smyrna, Chenango Co., last year. He left the city because his health was not good. He went to Georgetown last week and made Mrs. Mary A. Tainter a visit. While there he was offered a situation by Mr. Philo Parker at $15 a month, as he only gets $8 a week in Smyrna, he accepted and will move to Georgetown next week.

Through the kindness and assistance of Julius F. Lang and H. F. Greer, Henry McClave obtained a good situation in a shoe factory in Tarrytown, N. Y., last week. McClave has decided upon a reformed life. He is now able to earn a comfortable living for himself, wife and child, Will M. McPaul, who has been in the habit of dragging him down, let McClave alone to continue in his good course.

Mr. Sylvester Ward, a deaf-mute, who left the Iowa Institution several years ago, used to live in Ellington, Ia., but moved to Bluffton, Minn., three years ago with his brother. He, Sylvester, bought 40 acres of speculation land and broke 8 acres of it. He wants to sell his land, and talks of going to Manitoba, Dakota, where he intends to take a 60-acre homestead claim.

Mississippi Notes.

MR. HODGSON:—You have kindly asked me to write about the Southern mutes for your JOURNAL.

I see there are no letters in it from our dear State, so I think I ought to write some, and let others follow my example.

Master Jackson Farmer called on me some time ago, and I was glad to see him. He left for Aberdeen, Miss., to hunt for a situation in a printing office. I hope he will succeed.

I heard there are two mute girls named Misses Decell, working in a Mississippi factory, at Wesson. One gets a $15 month and the other $20. Their oldest sister is at the Jackson School.

The Jackson Institution for Deaf-Mutes had an exhibition last month, and everybody was much pleased to see them act gracefully.

The Legislature has passed the bill of appropriation of $20,000 for the new school for the colored mute pupils, on the place where the school was before the war. There will be a new shop for the boys who want to learn trades, and also there will be a printing office established next month. I am in hopes they will be successful.

Mr. L. W. Saunders wrote me that he is going to build a house in Jackson for his wife and children. They are now in Virginia, but will come back to Jackson next fall. They said I had better not go to Jackson until the fall, so that I can see Mrs. Saunders.

Miss Cora Fultz, a mute sister of Mrs. Saunders, will come with her to Jackson on a visit.

Mrs. Scott is doing well. She lives in the house where Mr. and Mrs. Saunders lived last year.

There is a little mute girl, who lives about one mile from Okolona. Her father called on me and asked me if I could teach her. I replied "I would very much like to teach her," but don't know when I will go to town to see the little girl. Her family has moved from Kentucky. The girl's name is Bessie Renshaw, and she is 10 years old.

It has been raining much more than last year.

Very Respectfully,
L. L. KING.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, O.,
March 15, 1882.

Among the arrivals in the *Leader* office is a deaf-mute by the name of J. G. Jacobson, formerly of New York. He applied for work on the *Leader*, and was asked if he were a good compositor, and in reply, said that he was. The foreman put him on and found out that he was a competent workman. He was given cases, and worked since he came. In comparison with the other mutes' workmanship he surpasses. He is said to be a very intelligent writer; claims to have never been to a deaf and dumb school; lost his hearing at 19 years of age; went to a public school, and has gained a good knowledge of the world. He talks of going back to New York, where he has not been for three years.

A distinguished visitor, accompanied by McGinness, a frequent visitor of Cleveland, as this place is his home, was Mr. Charles Rice, the "boss" of the Charleston *C., Republican*, Friday last, March 10th. He has sold out the paper. He talks of starting a job office in Cleveland. Cleveland is proud of being populated by mutes. Mr. Rice has our congratulations for succeeding in starting a job office, and it is expected that his office will be opened for business within a few weeks.

Interesting sermons were conducted by Rev. A. W. Mann at Grace Church, in the presence of a goodly audience, on the morning and afternoon. Rev. Mann said that several mutes came to the cities at which places he conducted services in Michigan, some of whom lived from nine to twenty miles distant. Such is a good example of others who want to profit by his preaching.

A German deaf-mute, a newly-arrived emigrant from the old world, is sojourning here. He has been several times at the church. Rev. Mann told the mutes that he would be confirmed on the 25th of March. He is a young man of good appearance and manners.

Messrs. Rice and McGinness went back to Columbus Monday afternoon, after a brief visit in our city. Mr. Rice will return in the latter part of the week, we are informed, to make Cleveland his future home. If so, we are glad, and will welcome him to our city.

Some friends of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. George hereabouts were surprised and grieved to hear of the death of their little infant son. They have our sincere sympathy.

The JOURNAL is always a welcome visitor, as it always comes in regularly on Fridays or Saturdays. We like it very much, and think it the best deaf-mute paper in the world.

Rumored that Mr. Guss will take away a Missouri belle. True, ain't it?

EXCELSIOR.

Fresh from Chicago.

Isaac Wilson contemplates going to Arizona in quest of health and a fortune. The injuries he received over a year ago in coming into collision with an Erie train bound for Buffalo, N. Y., yet tell on him.

The JOURNAL gave the names of Misses Porter and Robinson as "doing Chicago." We have not so much as seen their shadows, and for the sake of sociability would suggest that some mute lady hunt them up and introduce them into our society.

The Present Age and Educational Weekly of the city, in one of its late numbers, contained a 1½ column article relating to the Minnesota State School for mutes, and the art of printing as there taught a number of its pupils. Among other things, it was stated that the parents of a good many mute children "will not and cannot be convinced that such institutions are not a charity," and persistently refuse to send them away to be educated. This is lamentably true, and it is rather puzzling that the editor or writer should know so much.

Concerning the above-named school, one thing is certain—viz., It turns out better workmen and has less peddlers numbered among its former pupils than any other mute school of its size. This the writer knows from his experience with mutes from the Minnesota School, and from reports relative to the doings of such in the papers.

The deaf-mutes of the city have at last put a break to the monotony that has hitherto characterized their way of having things run. On the evening of the 10th inst., a most brilliant throng of people of silence congregated at No. 663 W. Indiana St., to enjoy themselves by eating and drinking and making merry. A few days preceding the event, one of our number went around collecting a dollar from every male mute that proposed attending the sociable, which was held at the residence of our jovial mute couple, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton. The usual "good things" were bought with the amount thus collected, and before midnight all present were invited to swell themselves to their fullest capacity. More than a score of mutes graced the rooms of the house, and all passed the hours pleasntly in a variety of ways' way into the night. Among others invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Mr and Mrs. Raffington. Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Messrs. Elliott, Watson, Andrews, J. and W. Gibney, Angle; Misses Buel, Doyle, Patten, Blainbein, Peek and others. Mr. and Mrs. Roth, and one or two others found it impossible to accept the invitation.

J. E. G.

Reply to W. K. Chase and some others.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please insert in your spare column this reply.

The suggestion of my friend W. K. Chase, one of our old State managers and ex-treasurer of the N. E. G. A. to D. M., as to forbid the use of the legacy money for fifteen years seems to be an unwise and unsafe policy, as it may be a long unnoticed instrument that new succession of officers in the future may be "Credit Mobiliers," or "grab salary seekers." It may be safer to appoint an honest committee of two by the President to examine the legacy fund every two years, while it may be a good thing to allow no use of the legacy money for four years, to see how it may get along; afterwards it may be voted what to do with it.

Mr. Chase, you remember that in past years, our old officers met at a house of one of us free of board at one time and another next time and so on. Could any member of the present Board invite the officers to meet at his house free of board? The old railroad agents cheerfully granted our old officers free passes, but the present railroad agents are too hard to do so. The present Board should be prudent and economical and not to meet as often as before, as it may set an example for future officers. We old officers did not get pay for our time and service except postage bills and business paper.

It needed no committee to see to any attention in the N. E. G. A. constitution, whose old articles are about right as to some necessary changes which have been made.

It may do no good to agitate the question where and when to hold the Bennial Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes until the President thinks proper to appoint a place and time with the consent of the Board.

MR. EDITOR:—Old Mr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet died September 10th, 1851. Some time in December, circulars were sent among graduates in this country. A collection of $2,500 was raised in less than three years, a few months before the Gallaudet monument was erected in September 6th, 1854. In August, 1853, a National Gallaudet Monument Association was organized with L. Clerc, President; J. Carlin, Secretary; T. Brown, 1st Vice-President.

Mr. Strong's suggestion on the Centennial birthday of old Dr. Gallaudet on December 10th, 1887, is considered a good idea. Old Dr. Gallaudet used to tell me that his parents removed to Hartford from Philadelphia, when he was a baby. He adopted Hartford as his home until death. Then his Centennial Birthday may seem a meritorious occasion at Hartford, where he founded the first mute school. I seldom used to hear him speak of Philadelphia.

I think that the Gallaudet monument at the American Asylum, erected in 1854, is in a deficient state and in want of some alterations for a better appearance. I should think that $500 would be sufficient to cover the monument expenses.

A grateful favor of the Centennial Gallaudet occasion may seem to be preferable to the Garfield monument, as he was only a friend to the National Deaf-Mute College. It is remembered that Laurent Clerc was born December 26th, 1785.—T. H. Gallaudet, December 10th, 1757.

Now, I feel if I live till 1887, I shall be 83 years old, fearing to be too old to attend and pay a sacred honor to the centennial birthday of my old friend and teacher, at so far a distance, depending upon Divine Providence.

T. BROWN.

March 16, '82.

FANWOOD.

The High Class of To-day.

SCHOOL LIFE OF A WEEK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Goodness, gracious, sakes alive,
"Grace H." is t-h-r-i-v-i-n-g.

The male members of the High Class of to day, while they do not enjoy as many privileges as in former years, still are better off than many would suppose. The impression so prevalent among old graduates, that the High Class "have no fun at all, because they are under lock and key all the time," is erroneous. They enjoy themselves fully as well as the old graduates of the class did. They have the same old boat, "Evangeline," to and pull her over the bosom of the Hudson with as much vim as ye old timers. They are at liberty to go where they please, while not in school or at work. They act as monitors in the chapel and the dining room, although under the direction of the supervisors.

The apartments occupied by the class years ago were in the main building—top floor—overlooking the Hudson. The office was on the first floor, opposite the Superintendent's. About five years ago, the class becoming too large for these rooms, more commodious surroundings were given them on the third story of the school building. Here they have three rooms for sleeping purposes, and one on the corner—the best lighted and ventilated—was fitted up as an office. This office is a pleasant place at all times. Each student has an elegant walnut desk with safety ink wells, and provided with a lock and key. Steam is used in heating the room. The walls are covered with bright and attractive pictures, which give the apartment an exceedingly cheerful and home-like appearance. Of evenings, the light is furnished by twelve gas jets with patent reflectors, six at each end of the room, which makes studying comparatively easy and without having any injurious effects on the eyes. The rooms are well adapted for all kinds of sports and games, and during the winter months, at leisure hours, a great deal of enjoyment is had.

There are at present fourteen male members of the class, seven semi-mutes and seven deaf-mutes, all of whom are remarkably intelligent for their years. And while we are about it, we would say that the standard of the class was never higher, notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion by old graduates of the class that in intelligence, it is considerably lower than at the time *they* were members. The studies of the class comprise English History, Moral Science, Astronomy, Vegetable Physiology, Rhetoric, Book-keeping, Algebra, and a few of the students have commenced Latin.

The female members of the class, of which there are nine members, pursue the same studies and are fully as intelligent. Their apartments are situated in the main building, and are about the best located and ventilated in the school. They have no office, but study in the large room with the other pupils, having a corner of the apartment to themselves. They are occasionally called upon to act as monitors, but as a rule their services are not required in this capacity, as the presence of a supervisor is sufficient to preserve order among the female portion of the pupils. The privileges of the girls remain the same as in former years. We will not attempt to give a description of this portion of the class at present, but hope at some future time to treat them in the same article with the every day life of the female pupils of Fanwood.

Mr. Crittenden, assistant steward, was suddenly summoned away by the death of a friend, a few days ago.

Hon. Neil Gilmour, Superintendent of Public Instruction, called Wednesday last.

Mr. Brainerd, steward, has been confined to his home with a severe cold for a few days past. He had a narrow escape from pneumonia. He is again in his office, and "bears the heat and burden of the day" with wonted tranquility.

We have read considerable poetry in our time, good, bad and indifferent, but Ed. Van Damme's "mirthful effort" in last week's issue of this paper, takes the cake. For rhythmical cadence it is without a parallel—in its "thwartness;" and its lack of sense is only equalled by its "disjointedness." We always imagined we could write poetry, but since reading the aforesaid "thing," we have concluded to wait until a female college is established before taking the field against the Washington college Poet-Laureate.

A few of our male pupils report leaving witnessed the Barnum Show parade on the evening of Saturday, March 11th. On the afternoon of March 13th, several pupils attended the circus.

The sixth lecture under the auspices of the Washington Heights Century Club, was attended by both divisions of the High, Articulation and First classes, Thursday evening last. Dr. Peet, as usual, interpreted. The subject was—"London—its origin, wealth, progress and mighty power." It was delivered by Richard B. Kimball, LL.D., a gentleman of considerable prominence as an orator, and among the audience none were more interested than the quiet little party of deaf-mutes who sat at one end of the church.

Prof. Gamage is jubilant. The Six-penny Savings Bank failed about five years ago, and in the crash carried some of his money with it. On March 16th, commenced the payment of the fourth and last dividend. It is 10.55 per cent., making the entire amount recovered by him 85.55 per cent on his original deposit.

R. D. Livingstone was seen about the grounds Friday afternoon last. He said he will probably remain in New York City for the next three weeks or longer.

It is a curious coincidence that the most bright and intelligent male pupils of Fanwood for the past ten years lost their hearing during the same year. All are semi-mutes, who retain in a surprising degree their power of speech. The other day we took the trouble to find out how many of our semi-mutes became deaf in the year 1872, with the following result: Seymour Berray, W. Rose, Theodore Lounsbury, Anthony Capelli, Geo. Porter, M. R. Palmer, T. F. Fox, John F. O'Brien, F. R. Stryker, and E. A. Hodgson. All, with the exception of the latter named gentleman, are or were pupils. All but Messrs. Rose and Berray are or were members of the High Class, and all have set type in the Institution printing office.

A couple of our female pupils enjoyed a ride behind Miss Montgomery's black roadster to Manhattanville, Friday afternoon last. We won't tell their names, because we are jealous at not being invited.

There has been something said about having another entertainment for the little girls, in the young ladies' sitting-room, next Saturday evening.

Eugene Singer left school for good Saturday last. We understand he was induced to take the step in order to support his mother. Hope he will prove a blessing to her in her declining years.

Miss Hannah Kevitt and Miss Clara Post, both graduates of '81, and both residents of Passaic, N. J., visited, for a couple of hours, their many friends here Saturday last. A hearing friend accompanied them.

Another of those pleasant and much longed-for social re-unions was held in the girls' sitting room, Saturday evening last. The amusements were much the same as formerly. However, we were pleased to observe that our remarks in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, relative to the elephantine efforts of the boys to waltz had not been in vain. Several couples entwined arms and disported themselves bravely.

Miss Butler's ever cheerful face beamed on the inmates of old Fanwood for a short time last week.

Miss Lavery, our housekeeper, who is about to leave us to take up her residence in Buffalo, N. Y., was in the city on Monday last purchasing goods for the equipment of her new home.

A few days ago, Mrs. Totten, who is boarding with Prof. Mann, had occasion to go to the city, and boarded an Elevated R. R. train at 155th Street. Thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the ride (for it was a rare occurrence that she traveled by this route) she fell into a revery which was only broken when the cars were opposite the Battery. Observing the water, Mrs. Totten started up alarmed, fearing she had got on a train of steam cars and was being carried out of the city. She alighted at the Battery and, enquiring of the ticket-taker, discovered her whereabouts. Her destination was 59th street, and she had been carried six miles beyond. Observing her to be deaf, the official kindly permitted her to ride back free of charge. She is a cousin of Captain Smith, the hero of the Seawanhaka disaster, which occurred on Long Island meadows about two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Tarrytown, N. Y., were seen on Fanwood soil Sunday last. Mr. Rogers was formerly a night watch of this Institution, and Mrs. Rogers, before her marriage, was also employed here as a seamstress.

GRACE H.

ROME NOTES.

Gov. Cornell honored us with a flying visit last Saturday, and made a tour of our buildings.

Prof. Knight was called home to attend the funeral of his aged mother. She had been very sick for a long time and was expected to die at any time. He has our deep sympathy for his loss.

The 67th Regiment had a reception in this city on the 4th. The citizens of our town entertained them with a supper, exhibitions, music, etc. Prof. J. H. Eddy, at the request of his friend, Captain Palmer, gave an exhibition of Indian club swinging. He did it finely, and the veterans as well as the audience enjoyed the sight.

One of the little boys in the Primary Department was asked to write an original sentence with the word *tall*, and he wrote, "Miss B. is a tall girl." When his teacher corrected and explained that Miss B. could not be called a girl at her age, he replied in signs, "I know, but she is not married." The little fellow thinks that all ladies, who are not married, are girls.

"Grace H." your letters are very interesting and newsy, but it seems that you write too much about the boys and their doings, and we wish you would write more about the girls, which would interest your own sex more.

BITTERSWEET.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

An Exhibition Drill.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Literary Events.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

On the afternoon of Sunday last, Professor Porter preached a very able sermon, in the course of which he paid a glowing tribute to the memory of our late matron, Miss Pratt. He sketched the history of her connection with the Institution, portraying her kind and affable disposition, and the nobleness with which she extended her assistance to those who might need it.

Speaking of her character as a woman, he remarked that she was a shining example of all that is noble, pure, affectionate, and that her life should be taken as an example by those who wish to live a life of love and usefulness. The professor recounted several anecdotes of the deceased, which greatly interested those present at the services.

Spring having, in various ways, proved its existence, our base ball men are also beginning to prove that they are alive. The campus, on fine afternoons, is covered by members of the nine getting such preliminary practice as they can. Last Saturday morning, the Kendall Club met for reorganization, about twenty members responding to the roll call. After the admission of five new members, the club proceeded to elect new officers for the year. The result was as follows:—

President—T. Francis Fox, '83.
Vice President—B. R. Allabough, '84.
Secretary—P. J. Hasenstab, '86.
Treasurer—N. F. Morrow, '85.
Scorer—J. L. Smith, '83.

According to the revised form of the Constitution and By-laws, the members of the first nine, with substitutes, were elected by the club. The nine chosen were: Messrs. Griffin, Reed, Zeigler, Lynch, Saxon, Brookmire, Layton, Leib and Collins, and Messrs. Allabough and Berg as substitutes. Subsequently, Mr. Griffin was chosen Captain of this nine.

It is to be hoped that the year about to open will be more brilliant than the preceding.

The team are regarded as presenting good material, and if they do their best, they can regain their prestige in the District.

After several postponements, the students gave

A GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION

for the benefit of their friends, on Thursday evening last. By kind permission of the faculty, that evening was set apart for the event, and though the weather might have been better, a pretty large number of guests were present. At about half-past eight, the drill opened with the chest weight exercise, upon the completion of which the dumb-bell drill was performed. This brought forth much applause from the audience, the time and motions being nearly perfect. After the dumb-bell exercise, the new college march was gone through, the students marching to the tap of a drum.

It is said that they kept remarkably good time, especially when marching eight abreast.

The exercises were concluded before ten o'clock, and were highly enjoyed by those who witnessed them.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Last evening, the closing literary meeting of the Students' Society was held in the lyceum, and proved one of the most enjoyable thus far witnessed. Professor Draper, who had been invited for the occasion, opened the programme with a lecture, having for its subject, "Washington Irving." Commencing with his birth, the professor traced the life of Irving through his school days to manhood, and recounted the many difficulties that Irving had to encounter in his efforts to show that America could produce books worthy of being read. But it was in his description of some of the Irving's chief literary works that the professor's clear and happy style of delivery called forth the applause of the audience. The "Knickerbocker History of New York" was dealt with at some length, and though the professor pleaded his inability to do justice to the subject, it was agreed by all that his approach to it was highly successful. Altogether, the lecture was a most enjoyable one, and highly deserving the vote of thanks which was presented the lecturer amid much applause.

Upon the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Hasenstab, '84, read an able essay on "Early Arithmetic," illustrating his remarks on the blackboard as he proceeded. Following this was a debate on the question, "Is war ever justifiable," in which Messrs. Morrow, '85, and Hathaway, '86, supported the Affirmative, and Messrs. Trundle, '85, and Cloud, '86, stood up for the Negative. The judges awarded the debate to the negative side. Messrs. Booker and Dundon, both of '86, then took part in a dialogue, after which Mr. Smith declaimed in admirable style the poem, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The next meeting of the club will be held under a new board of officers.

PARAGRAPHS.

This morning, a hail storm is playing "Yankee Doodle" outside.

Another evidence that spring is here—canes are out.

March 28, 29, 30, will be the happiest (?) days in the year. Why? Examination, you know.

On March 25th, Professor Chickering will deliver a lecture in the lecture room of the National Museum, on "Contrasts of the Appalachian Mountains."

Dr. Fred Wines, of the United State's Census Bureau, who has charge of the statistics relating to the deaf and dumb, recently spent several days in the college library, making notes from the books relating to the deaf and dumb.

Several of the students have received copies of the Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology for the year 1879-80. It was prepared by Maj. J. W. Powell, and contains a lengthy discourse on the sign-language. Messrs. Zeigler, Larson, Hasenstab, and other deaf-mutes are mentioned in it, as also the visit of several Indian chiefs to the college, and the comparison of their sign-language with that used by deaf-mutes.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, March 18, '81.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Official Bulletin, No. 15.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,
KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 18, 1882.

The following subscriptions have been received and paid since the last bulletin:

James H. Logan, Pittsburgh, Pa.,	$1 00
N. F. Morrow, Deaf-Mute College,	4 00
C. K. W. Strong, Washington, D. C.,	1 00
From the Maryland School, at Frederick, through Mr. C. M. Grow, ($16.75)	
Miss Anna B. Barry,	1 00
" Rosa R. Harris,	1 00
" Mollie M. Ijams,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Grow,	2 75
David A. Stoner,	1 00
Pupils.	
Ida R. Bentley,	25
Mary A. Breidenbach,	25
Marian Chigett,	25
John S. Edelen,	50
Harry J. Gill,	1 00
Maggie Getz,	50
Annie V Griffin,	50
James Insley,	50
Franklin A. Martin,	50
Charles Morgan,	50
Harry O. Palmer,	25
Elmer N. Phillips,	25
Kirk E. Reynolds,	25
Harry T. Reamy,	25
Angie M. Simonson,	25
George Stine,	50
Fernandina Trunt,	25
Frederick S. Tschiffely,	50
Robert E. Underwood,	25
Ella V. Watkins,	25
Kate Webster,	25
Former Pupils.	
Aaron B. Showman, Frederick, Md.,	1 00
Edmund W. Stone, Araby, "	1 00
From the South Carolina Institution, at Cedar Spring, through Mr. David S. Rogers, ($17.15)	
Mr. N. F. Walker,	2 00
" J. M. Hughston,	1 50
Miss F. Ballard,	1 50
Mrs. V. E. Walker,	1 00
" N. I. Rogers,	1 00
Mr. W. B. Lathrop,	1 00
" D. S. Rogers,	4 00
Pupils.	
W. W. Bradley,	25
J. L. Miner,	25
Oliver Clark,	25
F. C. White,	25
Walter Bussey	10
Charlie Holston,	05
B. G Ellerbe,	50
Olie Toumans,	1 00
Mollie Williams,	80
Minnie Brooks,	55
Ella Shuford,	25
Hampie Gooding,	25
Lena Fellers,	25
Sallie Ferguson,	25
Saltie Gooding,	05
Minnie McCoy,	05
Cora Putnam,	05
Total	$44 90
Amount already reported	569 79
Total to date	$614 69

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

San Francisco Items.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st of last month, some mutes of San Francisco and Oakland, were cordially invited to attend a surprise party, given to Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Crandall, at their residence, at 1678 Lincoln Street, in West Oakland. They enjoyed themselves very much. The supper was splendidly served. At midnight the party broke up. The party consisted of Misses Ella Hard, Laura A. Bartels, Annie K. Roesler, Susan Wertheimer and Katie Crandall; Mrs. Carrie Meyers, and Mrs. Lizzie Craig; Messrs. Thomas Finnegan, James McCabe, Frank Shattuck, Theodore Grady, James C. Harlan, Moses Isaac Aronson and Alonzo C. Doc.

Mr. Thomas Finnegan came to this city from Calveras County, a few weeks ago, and all the mutes were very glad to see him again as they had not seen him for four years. He says that he has some valuable mines in Sheep Ranch, Calveras County.

Mr. Thomas Finnegan and Moses I. Aronson are thinking of going to visit in the East next year.

All the mutes don't like the *Frontiersman*, and only two mutes are connected with it. They say that it will some day fail.

Moses I. Aronson will organize a new base ball club this spring. Eleven mutes will be appointed for the purpose of practice, etc. I hope that Mr. Thomas Finnegan will be elected captain, if we will form a new base ball club.

NEW YORK.

How the Shamrock was Drowned.

THIS AND THAT.

One Weeks' Stroll in the Metropolis

"Ho! trumpeters, sound a war-note!
Ho! lictors, clear the way.
The knights shall ride in all their pride
Along the streets to-day.

On the morning of the birthday of Ireland's Patron Saint, we fell in with a deaf-mute of undoubted Irish descent. He even goes so far as to avow he is a descendant of one of the ancient Irish kings.

The deaf-mute sported an immense bran new beaver, had an immense shamrock in his button hole, and was dressed in a starchy suit of black broadcloth.

After the customary greetings, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Come, and let us drown the Shamrock."

"Drown the Shamrock," we exclaimed in astonishment, thinking he meant to commit suicide, as if he tried to drown it, he must drown himself too.

"Of course. Hurry up, I must go and see the parade."

He hurried down a street in the direction of the river, but suddenly dived into a saloon, and before we knew, he had drowned the Shamrock in a way that was a caution.

The daily papers of a few days ago, show one of the methods employed by brutal parents to punish their children, and which fills our Institutions with deaf-mutes. Out in Pennsylvania, a brutal father being jealous of his wife, decided out of revenge to kill his little son. Taking the boy out for a walk in the forest, he suddenly seized the little fellow and brutally beat him about the head till he supposed life had fled. He then made his escape, and eluded capture for some time. His son was discovered by a party who had been sent out by his wife, who had been alarmed at their absence. The child is now an idiot, and can neither hear nor speak.

The following is from the *Sun* of the 15th inst.:

SPEAKING AFTER BEING DUMB 14 YEARS.

ALPENA, MICH., March 14.—Miss Katie McDonald, who has been dumb for fourteen years, recovered her speech this morning. Her recovery is without medicial aid, and is considered a miracle. She was 18 years old when stricken.

Several deaf-mutes have already been to P. T. Barnum's—Bailey and Hutchingson's combined shows, and report the entertainment to be worth twice the amount charged for admission.

The Twilight Club, it is reported, has hired a hall in Brooklyn, where its meetings will hereafter be held. The hall is supposed to be the "Union Hall."

Alexander Dezendorf was married, Sunday, the 7th inst., to a lady of Philadelphia. So it is said.

The item in last week's JOURNAL that James Burns was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for burglary, is false. A deaf-mute recently visited him in the bastile, and learned the following facts:—It seems that James fell in with bad company, who made him drunk, and while staggering home at night, he crashed into a window at the corner of Grand and Myrtle Avenues, and was arrested for it. He says he is treated very kindly by the jailor, and expects to be relieved in a few days with a lecture. He vows hereafter he will keep away from bad company. We hope he will.

The C. L. U. held its usual meeting on Wednesday, the 15th inst. The committee on lectures and debates chose the following rather lopsided question for the next meeting: "Are the present cruelties of the Czar justifiable?" Aff.—J. F. Donnelly and W. Slattery. Neg—W. G. Pownall and Thomas Heydon.

After this, the remainder of the evening was passed in story telling, and many amusing tales were told.

Mr. McGill is reported to be very ill. The climate of New York not agreeing with him.

A large fire is reported in Faribault, Minn. We hope the deaf-mute institution there has not been hurt.

Dr. Gallaudet delivered a sermon in St. Andrews Church in Harlem last Sunday.

Mr. McNally preached a short sermon in St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday.

Light colored pants, the disappearance of overcoats and the appearance of the long neglected cane, make known the fact, on the part of male deaf-mutes, that spring has come. The ladies shine forth in more gay-hued ribbons, and they are no longer burdened with their brother's ulster which they try to palm off as their own.

The plan of the M. L. A. to raise cash for the Garfield Memorial don't seem to work. Their stinginess in not taking a few dollars from their bloated treasury is false economy. The most brilliant ideas imaginable orginate among the members of the M. L. A., and we suppose this is the latest, and hereafter it will be the fashion when they wish to help along anything to invite some well known person to lecture, pay him nothing, and give the amount so collected from the non-members. The next thing will be to give a series of lectures and charge non-members 25 cents; the amount so collected to defray the expenses of the next excursion. Verily the club thinks too much about the shekels.

X. X. X.

From New Jersey.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Such weather as we are having is enough to give any one all the ills human flesh is heir to. But for some news.

Edward Heller has purchased a handsome house for $2,000. We are always glad to see a mute doing well, and this one seems to have a plenty of shekels. He moved in last Thursday and commenced housekeeping. Good luck to him and his pretty wife.

James H. Harper was at Lambertville last week, peddling his everlasting Alphabet Cards at 5 cents each. We did not see him, but he called on two mutes there, from whom we learned that he was a very intelligent and gentlemanly sort of mute—worthy of a better cause than his low calling. He said he was 40, a bachelor and educated at the Pennsylvania School. His cards were miserable specimens, not worth the cardboard they were printed on.

Shall we ever get done with the "Dentaphone" circular nuisance? We get on an average at least two big packages a month, which we tenderly lay on the coals in our range. The latest one advises us to take a thin strip of wood, little over a foot long and three or four inches wide, and put one end on top of a piano (while some one is playing) and the other end to our teeth, and if we can feel the thrill of the instrument, to send $15.00 at once for one of the "Wonderful Dentaphones," which will enable us to hear *even the slightest* sound of the human voice. Bah! we have tried that times and times again before we ever got that advice, and could feel the thrill as well as any one else, hearing persons, included and when we tried to hear with the Dentphone, we couldn't. So I guess that the Company will have to wait for that $15.00.

We have found a little mute boy in Lambertville who never went to school, but is going this coming fall. He is as fat as a little boy can well-nigh be, and will give weight to any Institution.

Messrs. Yothers and Horn, Miss Beaumont and Mrs. Gulick, were seen on the streets of the above named city last Monday, in pleasant conversation over a festival they had been attending. It is a well known fact that deaf-mutes have different degrees of deafness, and accordingly two deaf-mutes were comparing their acuteness in that line before us the other day. Says one:

"I can hear the cars at 100 yards."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the other, "I can hear a pin drop at that distance."

"You get out," replied the other, "I can hear them nailing up tea 'way down in China."

The other left off and didn't attempt to lie to the extent that he could hear the grass grow. Respectfully dedicated to T. Fitzpatrick's album.

Yours,
MEG.

STOCKTON, N. J., March 18, 1882.

A Correction.

E. A. HODGSON, EDITOR:

DEAR SIR:—I have just seen the JOURNAL. Your compositor has made a bad mistake in the article on third page, to members of the New England Gallaudet Association, which please have corrected in your next issue with an explanation. By referring to the copy sent you, the omission will be noticed. The Constitution says:

Section 1. Any male mute may become a member of this Society by payment of one dollar, and any female mute by paying fifty cents per annum.

Sec. 3. is, as you have it, correct.

Yours Truly,
JOHN T. TILLINGHAST,
President N. E. G. A.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA AND DELAWARE.

Rev. H. W. Syle's Appointment.

Reading—Monday, March 13th.
Harrisburg—at Mr. D. Buck's, Tuesday, March 14th.
Lancaster—Wednesday, March 15th.
Wilmington, Del.—Probably Friday, March 17th.
Lancaster—Confirmation, A.M. Sunday, March 26th.
Harrisburg—Evening, Sunday, March 26th.
Reading—Confirmation, Thursday, April 6th.
Scranton—Confirmation, Sunday, April 23d.
Allentown—Confirmation, Sunday, May 19th.

All persons desiring Holy Baptism, or admission to to the Holy Communion through Confirmation, are affectionately requested to inform, as soon as possible, the rector of the church in their own neighborhood, or the missionary, Rev. Henry Winter Syle, 2206 Wallace street, Philadelphia.

TWILIGHT.

Another Meeting.

HALL SECURED.

According to announcement, the members of the Twilight Union and their lady friends assembled at the residence of Miss Emma V. Reed last evening. At about 8 o'clock, the parlors became comfortably filled with well-dressed and intelligent ladies and gentlemen.

At 9, the members adjourned to an adjacent room, where they transacted some necessary business. The committee who were appointed to engage a hall made their report, and then Mr. W. G. Pownall described one of which he had obtained the refusal. It was the best that had yet been seen by any of the members, and after some discussion the committee was authorized to engage it, and the first meeting of the organization will be held in

UNION HALL

on the evening of April 1st.

Discussion now arose as to an excursion during the latter part of June, but as the meeting began rather late, it was voted, out of respect to the ladies, to lay all business on the table until the next meeting. This was finally done, and the members returned to the parlor, which being very pretty, but rather small, prevented dancing. Still the time was passed pleasantly in conversation, speech-making, etc., until the

MENU

was ready, when all proceeded to the dining-room, where cake, ice-cream, etc., were discussed for nearly an hour. Upon motion, a vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Reed and her daughter for kindness and attention, and then all returned to the parlor, where the comic Dezendorf, aided by the irrepressible Waters and others, kept the company continually laughing until they disposed of their humor,—time, 15 minutes to 12.

Among the ladies present were Mrs. Weinberger, Lounsbury, Misses Ludwig, Shute and Gray, Mrs. Smith and daughter, Mrs. Barnard, of Boston, Miss Rose, of Ulster county, Miss Gussie Greis, Miss Pollie Reed and others.

SQUIBS.

Right you are, Jacques; the lady says she gave us the news simply on hearsay.

There will be a debate before the M. L. A. next Thursday evening, on the following question: Resolved. That the action of the Board of Education of this city ordering female teachers when they contract marriage to resign be condemned. On the 30th inst. a lecture will be delivered.

It is very queer that we should give a person credit for possessing more sense than he really does, but such appears to be the fact. The one in question says he did not vote against the Garfield Memorial motion at a recent meeting of the M. L. A., but is "mum" as to whether he voted for it.

Garfield Memorial circulars have been received by many mutes hereabouts. Those to the M. L. A., being distributed at the meeting Thursday evening.

AMERIGOS.

March 18, 1882.

A NEW OFFER!

$30 MORE

This Competition closes October 1, 1882.

These Terms are open to Subscribers only.

For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us $1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address *very plainly.*

Besides this liberal commission, we give $30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest list of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before October 2, 1882, as follows:

For the 1st largest list -	$15.00
" " 2d " " - - -	10.00
" " 3d " " - - -	5.00

RULES.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of NEW subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as *new.*

No letter mailed after September 30th, 1882, will be counted.

☞ *Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.*

Address
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M.
New York.

PROVIDENCE RI

THE WEST.

Feeling in Regard to the Convention of 1883.

"JUDGE DECOURSEY," AND OTHER PERSONALS.

THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE STRIKE AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

THE NATIONAL DEAF MUTE CONVENTION.

"My bureau" scratched in for a little discussion an item in one of "X. X. X's" spicy letters in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, in which he expressed his brief views in regard to the holding of the National Deaf-Mute Convention in New York City next year. As who is "X. X. X." comes to me from a reliable source, I say with great pleasure that he was one of my schoolmates at Old Fanwood seven years ago, and I know him as a very ambitious candidate for journalistic honors. I am glad that he has expressed such views upon the question, for now it is time the folks out west, or in this great country, were talking about it. Unfortunately the last Convention in Cincinnati, in 1880, chose New York City as the place for holding the next Convention in 1883, providing that the proposed World's Fair would be among the attractions at that time, and also that the railroad companies would offer a great chance to the people of the Far West with reduced rates. Now, it has become known of late that the railroad companies leading to New York City have refused any contribution to aid in pushing the plans for erecting the great exhibition buildings, and also that when General Grant was once President of the Executive Committee interested in the proposed World's Fair, and wished to have the Fair situated in Central Park, the people of the city indignantly opposed Central Park as the place for holding the Fair; both of which plans have practically failed, and the office of President of the Board has sometimes been vacant, and now the proposed World's Fair will not take place in New York City during the named year, as the committee has not yet taken any decided action towards such plans. I do not write with any intention to advise a change of place for holding the coming great Convention, but shall give here a few facts as to the feelings of many mutes I have recently met in the West. I had a chat with Mr. Edmund Booth, the veteran deaf-mute, in Des Moines, during the conference last month, who had some knowledge about the object of the national Executive Committee, and said that he was not the authority, however, and could give me few facts. The committee talked somewhat of holding a conference in Chicago next summer, to discuss whether the coming Convention would take it New York City or not. As yet, but they have not yet decided to hold said conference. Perhaps Mr. E. A. Hodgson, the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, or Mr. H. C. Rider, Secretary of this Committee, can, and no doubt will be glad to explain concerning this important matter very soon. "X. X. X." is right in his views, and the Western people have been greatly disappointed at the failure of the proposed World's Fair, and the refusal of the railroads to aid in contributions. (which roads ought to know they will find it bringing great profits to them in return), hence no reduced rates, and the people begin objecting to attend the coming Convention in New York for the reasons I have stated.

PERSONALS.

"Judge DeCoursey," who once achieved "talent fame" by his able criticisms in the JOURNAL, is now in Middletown, Iowa, helping his sick brother, a Mr. French. It has been whispered in the rounds that the "horse" judge had been working hard to establish another Institution in Eastern Iowa, but to no avail.

Mr. Edmund Booth sent me a copy of his paper, the Anamosa (Ia). *Eureka* unexpectedly, and after reading it over, I suggest the paper as a very strong organ for its home county. At the head of the columns he gives a review of his trip to Des Moines during the late conference, and the article was very interesting and witty in some respects.

Yesterday I returned home from a very pleasant visit from the Iowa Institution over the river. The school is in a successful condition, and has in attendance 234 pupils and will have about 300 pupils next year.

Miss Virginia Cowden, a teacher in the above school, was called home to Rock Island, Ill., last week, by the dangerous illness of her sister. We wish the sister God speed in the recovery of her health.

Mr. Edwin Southwick, a teacher in the same school, is happy nowadays, and during his duties he cannot help casting a glance at his new residence now being built near the very heart of the city. It will be a very nice two-story house with an attic, and when finished, Mr. Southwick will doubtless tender a reception to his many friends. The lot and residence cost him some $6.000.

Mr. W. G. Marshall, formerly of the Jacksonville (Illinois) Institution, is still doing very good business in Lincoln, the capitol city of Nebraska, and his wife has been enjoying herself in this country very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Pancake, formerly of Chicago, lived in Lincoln over six months until last December, when they moved to York, York Co., in this State, some fifty miles west of Lincoln. Mr. Pancake has been doing well, peddling fine chromo pictures.

Mr. Abram S. Gardner, a graduate of "Old Fanwood," is still a successful farmer, keeping a farm of some 320 acres in Arapahoe, Neb., and raising cattle, hogs and poultry. His wife has been visiting her relatives in Illinois, and is coming back home to greet her husband again. Both have been smiling all the time, and congratulations are pouring upon them for the reason of the recent addition of a very heavy avoirdupois weight.

Mr. Geo. W. Evans has, for the past few weeks, been doing business in Angus, Iowa, where the coal mines are, and he says there are some 800 miners in the camp. After finishing his job in Angus, he will move to Des Moines right away, which will be in a few weeks.

Mr. A. C. Cummins, a deaf-mute, and publisher of the *Criterion* of Moravia, Iowa, called at the Iowa Institution over Sunday. He talks of of moving to California as soon as he can sell his property.

Mr. W. G. Ritchie, of Council Bluffs, and chairman of the sub-committee on arrangements, said that the committee would be able to give information in regard to the convention as soon as the legislature will have acted upon their appeal for the State Hall. Mr. R., though living in the city where the Iowa Institution is, has seldom called there. He talks of going to Dakota later this spring, where he must look after his stock interests.

Mr. Fred Davis, of Iowa, recently lost a four-year old boy. We sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family in their loss.

Mr. D. A. Dewey, a bachelor mute of Iowa, is soon to remove to Kansas to reside there. We hate to see Iowa lose one and Kansas gain, because Mr. D. has been a very enterprising man.

Mr. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa City, got home last week Monday, and says he enjoyed his visit out West splendidly.

Miss Allie E. Chenoweth, a very fine mute lady of Davenport, Ia., has been visiting her relatives and friends in Des Moines for the past two weeks, and will go back home next week, doubtless enjoying a very nice time there.

THE STRIKE AT OMAHA, NEB.,

has been continued for the past eleven days, and it originated with the men quitting work and demanding $1.75. Before this time they got £1.25 per day, and the company offered the men a compromise of $1.50 per day, but the leaders refused to accept the terms. A terrible row ensued last Wednesday, wounding some special policemen. The mayor seeing it impossible to keep order, telegraphed to the State officials and President Arthur to order troops there. The later responded, and about 300 troops were on the grounds where the honest and willing men had been working. Tuesday afternoon, the unions had a large meeting on Jefferson Square, two blocks north of our home, and condemned the use of federal troops. In the evening they had a collision, in which one citizen was bayoneted and killed, and many were wounded. Leaders were arrested, and will soon be tried. I believe the strikers will, and ought to, resume order. About 4000 men joined the strikers.

RUSSELL SMITH.

Wales Deaf-Mute Mission.

[*From the Merthyr (Wales) Express, Feb. 25.*]

The ninth anniversary of this mission was held on Sunday afternoon last at High Street Chapel, Mr. David Williams, ex-high-constable, being in the chair. The proceedings were commenced by the singing of appropriate hymns by the congregation, and the Rev. J. Macrae Shimcock offered a short prayer and read from verse 31 to 37 of the chapter of St. Mark, relating to the miracles performed by Christ by healing a person "that was deaf and had an impediment on his speech." There was a goodly number of mutes present. The chairman stated that he was sorry to see so many intelligent persons before him that could neither speak nor hear. They all appeared to have their other faculties perfect. It was a curious fact to him how there were so many deaf and dumb people. Physiologists were under the impression that it was from too close consanguinity in inter-marrying, but he was not entirely with them on that point. In the time of Sir. Matthew, people believed that if a person was deaf and dumb he was possessed of the devil, but Christ removed that impression. It was said that from nearly every 593 people one was deaf and dumb, and it had been stated that Herfordshire contained more mutes than any other country. In concluding, he hoped that the congregation would be liberal in their donations. Rev. J. M. Bowen stated that the mission was for the purpose of educating mutes in the sign-language, and conveying to them the word of God, and to bring them up properly, for if left alone they became very passionate. He had been connected with the cause for a long time, and had worked hard, and had done his best. The cause, however, at the present time, was not so propitious as he should wish, and he hoped somebody would soon volunteer to fill his place, because as he was getting up in years he could not work with the same zeal as in former years. But still he would do all he could to help them, and he hoped no body would be backward in supporting so good a cause. He then read the report of the mission, which showed a balance of £33 14s. 5½d. This balance, he thought, though not very great, showed that they kept out of debt. But still they were in need of funds, and he would repeat he hoped all would help them according to their means. A collection, which took place, met with a liberal response. Mr. Goodfellow then addressed the meeting, and stated that people, instead of knowing and feeling the value of speech, outraged that organ by foul language, or by telling falsehood. The missionary now addressed the mutes in the sign-language, and his earnestness made the spectacle a touching one, and created amongst the congregation the deepest feeling of sympathy. The address lasted some ten minutes, and concluded by representing to the mutes the Lord's Prayer. The singing of the doxology terminated the meeting.

Grace Darling.

[*From the New York Observer.*]

THERE are probably many among the present generation of youthful readers of the *Observer* who know little about the history of Grace Darling, whose name was on every tongue, nearly fifty years ago. We find the following interesting sketch of her life in the *Sunday at Home*, and all of our young friends will be glad to have it:

Who has not heard of Grace Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Light-house? Whose name, associated with the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer, will long be remembered amongst the annals of those who, although holding humble stations in life, have yet exhibited traits of natural greatness which would grace the occupier of the loftiest position in society.

There are probably few persons in this country who have not heard of her, and of the act of daring courage in the cause of suffering humanity for which her name has become celebrated. The account of the transaction appeared generally in the newspapers at the time it occurred. As, however, a good and great act will not lose its lustre from being oft recited, and as a prominent object of the *Life Boat Journal* (from which we take the narrative) is to encourage and stirs up others to the exhibition of such deeds, we hold up to emulation the intrepidity of one of that sex whose virtues are commonly of a more retiring nature, and who are neither morally nor physically so constituted as to fit them for encountering such perils.

Grace Darling was born in November, 1815, and was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the light-house on the Longstone, one of the group of the Farne Islands; in which solitary abode she constantly resided with her parents. She is described as having been "remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition—of a fair complexion and comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and gentleness;" which latter qualities, we need scarcely remark, are not uncommonly found associated with gallant bearing and the most resolute courage.

Previous to describing the distinguished act of Grace Darling, in proceeding with her father to the rescue of the sufferers on the wreck of the Forfarshire, it will be desirable that we should explain the nature of the dangerous locality where it occurred.

The Farne Islands lie off the North-eastern coast of England. They are a group of barren and desolate rocks, inhabited principally by sea-fowl, and their sides are in many parts extremely precipitous.

Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great impetuosity, and doubtless many a shipwreck of which there is no record has occurred there in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch 40-gun frigate, with all her crew was lost among them; and numerous other wrecks are recollected to have happened between that time and the present.

Living on this lone spot, in the midst of the ocean, with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind, Grace Darling was shut out as it were from the active scenes of life, and was principally occupied in assisting her mother in the management of their little household; and it is worthy of remark—in order to the better appreciation of the magnanimity she exhibited on this occasion—that she was not habituated to the use of an oar, or the management of a boat; these offices having been performed by other members of the family.

She had received a good education for her station in life, and had reached her twenty-second year, when the incident occurred which has rendered her name so famous, and which we will now proceed to relate.

On the evening of the 5th of September, 1838, the Forfarshire, a steamer of about 300 tons burden, John Humble, master, sailed from Hull for Dundee, having on board a valuable cargo, and as nearly as could be ascertained, sixty-three persons—viz., the master and his wife, a crew of twenty men, and forty-one passengers. She was a new vessel, being only two years old, but her boilers were no doubt in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to her leaving Hull, a small leak had been discovered in them, and, for the moment, closed up; but when off Flamborough Head it broke out afresh to such an extent as to put out two of the fires. The boilers were, however, again partially repaired, and the fire relighted; and in this inefficient state she proceeded on her voyage, passing the "Fairway" between the Farne Islands and the mainland, at about six P.M., on the 6th. At about eight P.M., she entered Berwick Bay, the sea running high, with the wind strong from the north. The leakage now increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning, and about ten P.M., she bore up for St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became useless and would not work, when the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel tacked, in order to keep her off the land. She, however, soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south she was carried by it in that direction.

It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was too dense to enable the position of the vessel to be ascertained.

At length breakers were discovered close to leeward, and the Farne lights became visible, leaving no doubt as to the immense peril of all on board.

It was in vain attempted to avert the catastrophe by running between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer her helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, which was there so precipitous that a person could scare stand erect on it.

A part of the crew now lowered one of the quarter-boats and left the ship, having one of the passengers with them, who had contrived to throw himself into the boat; but two others in making the same attempt perished.

The scene which now presented itself was of a most heatrending description. Several women were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amidst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which he was unable to afford. Very soon after the first shock, a heavy wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock allowed her immediately after to fall violently upon it, when a sharp ledge striking her about amidships, she was fairly broken into two pieces, and the after-part, containing the cabin and many passengers, was instantly carried off by a rapid current through the Pifagut, whilst the forepart remained on the rock.

A portion of the passengers and crew had previously betaken themselves to the foremost part of the vessel, considering it to be the safest place.

In this dreadful situation, exposed amidst darkness to the buffeting of the waves, and feaful lest each rising surge should sweep away into the deep the fragment of the wreck on which they stood, they waited in anxious expectancy the breaking of the day. In the fore-cabin, also exposed to the intrusion of the sea, was a woman, a wife of a weaver, with her two children, who, when relief at last came, was found yet alive, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

Such was their seemingly hopeless position, when, soon after the day broke, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island, and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea was still raging fearfully, making any approach to the rugged pinnacles and sunken rocks which surround these islands, a work of extreme peril. Indeed, even at a later period of the day, a reward of 5*l.*, offered by the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the dangers of that terrible passage would have done the highest honor even to the well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm?

Through the dim mist, with the aid of a glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succoring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother—the father and daughter entering it, and each taking an oar.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventuress encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and they knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would be utterly insufficient to row the boat back to the light-house island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors on their return, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock, beside the wreck, until the tide again ebbed.

It could then only be by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that they could help to reach the wreck; and when there the danger would be much increased from the liability they would run of being dashed to pieces on those rugged rocks.

It must have seemed to them a forlorn hope; but their courage rose with the memergency—God's blessing accompanied them—and their efforts were crowned with success. The whole of the nine survivors were taken into their little bark, and conveyed in safety to the light-house. Here, owing to the violet seas which continued to pervail, they were compelled to remain two days, during which time they received every kindness and comfort that the house-hold could afford, and of which they were in so much need.

The party who had left in the ship's boat, also nine in number, were picked up the next morning, by a Montrose sloop, and conveyed to Shields.

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name all over Europe. The lonely light-house became speedily the center of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in numerous instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. Amongst the number were the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who invited her father and herself to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch. Grace and her father received the silver medal of the National Lifeboat (then Shipwreck) Institution, and numerous testimonials from other public bodies and admiring strangers. A public subscription was also arised with a view to reward her for her bravery and humanity, which is said to have amounted to about $3,500. To such an extent, indeed, did the popular enthusiasm reach, that portraits of her were eagerly sought for, and she was even offered large sums by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres, on the condition that she should merely sit in a boat for a brief space during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers, however, were promptly and steadily refused; and it is gratifying to know that amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered on her seemed to produce in her mind no other feelings than those of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued to reside at the Longstone Light-house with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty, on that sea-girt islet, a more honorable and more rational ejoyment than the crowded haunts of the mainland would have offered her; and thus giving, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling did not live long in the enjoyment of the honors that had been showered on her. She died of consumption on the 25th of October, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven years, and four years after the occurrence which has made her name famous for all time.

A Back-Handed Speller.

(*Santa Fe New Mexican.*)

Santa Fe has a young man with a mind which has a faculty that is rarely to be found, if indeed it can be discovered elsewhere. The gentleman in question is Hugh McKivitt, a printer working over at military headquarters. He is a rapid type-setter and a thorough good workman, so that he is not dependent on any side business for a good living, and has a consequence has never said anything about his spelling capacity, which is the subject of this item. McKivitt is a left-handed speller, and defies any one to put at him a word which he cannot spell backward as rapidly as the best and quickest spelling could give it in the usual way.

The other day the reporter fell in with him when he was in a mood more communicative than usual and had occasion to try him. Incomprehensibility was not a marker for him. As soon as the word was pronounced McKivitt said, "Fifteen letters," and went at it backward so fast that his hearers were unable to tell whether he was right or wrong. "You see," said a fellow-printer, "he can tell the number of letters in any word without hesitation, as well as he can spell it backward; and not only that, but you can give him a whole sentence and he will tell you at once how many letters there are in it, and go right on and spell through the whole thing backward faster than most people could spell it the other way.

This thing was tried time and time again, and no word or series of words could be hit upon which were not rendered as indicated above. Of course, there are words in the English language which McKivitt has never heard of, just as in the case with almost every other man, but he is what would be call a fine speller, "right-handed," as he says, and is familiar with the language, and any word which he has heard and can spell at all he can spell backward with astonishing rapidity. The strangest part about the whole thing is that McKivitt has never practiced or studied spelling backward a day in his life. He says he does not know how he ever accomplished the ability to do it, but that as soon as he hears or sees a word, even if he has never thought of it before, which, of course, is the case with a large majority of words, he knows immediately how many letters there are in it and how to spell it backward or in the regular way. It is so, too, with sentences. He knows at once how many words and letters in any sentences that may be suggested, and states the numbers promptly as soon as the words are uttered. McKivitt can also distribute type backward as fast as forward. In the left-handed spelling there is no theory of sound to aid him, as in very many instances the letters spell nothing at all and cannot be pronounced, so that there is no accounting for his liability to spell in that way except to conclude that it is the result of a gift—peculiar faculty of a remarkably quick mind.

There is no particular advantage in in all this as far as can be discovered, but it is a curiosity and a rare one, and if anybody thinks it isn't hard to do, let him try to acquire it.

A Deserted City.

The discovery of a deserted city, sixty miles long, cut out of the rocky face of a winding cliff, rewarded the efforts of Mr. Stevenson's Smithsonian Institution exploring party during its researches in New Mexico and Arizona the past season. This is by far the most impotant find yet made among tde ancient haunts of the cliff dwellers. Some of the houses contain four or five dwellings, one on top of the another, and in the plateau above the cliff were found many ruins of temples of worship built of well-cut square stones. A comparison of the collections of pottery and implements gathered in the cliff houses by the exploring party with those obtained in the Pueblo villages, strengthens the theory that the Pueblo Indians are the degenerate descendants one of once powerful race, that built the ruined cities of the plains, and then, retreating before some more warlike race, carved out these singular dwellings on the sheer walls of dizzy precipices, and found in them, it may be for centuries, both fortress and homes. Perhaps the hieroglyphic inscriptions seen by Mr. Stevenson will one day be deciphered, and found to contain the tragic history of the wasting away by wars and famines of this ill-fated people who, like the coneys of the Bible, made the rocks their refuge.

Save.

The children who have a little money ought now to practice saving something. Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible.

To such, a lesson of self-denial and economy is very important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds, by and by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save, has more pleasure in laying up than a spendthrift ever knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained, is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came.

The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort, than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth the current proverb is, money goes as it comes. Let the young make a note of this and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practice always in shallow water, your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.

Constant success shows us only one side of the world; for as it surrounds with friends, who will tell us our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

In peace, patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.

Life is full of bitter lessons, the simplest of which is that one man's fall makes forty laugh.

THE DOLLAR-MARK.—The dollar-symbol ($) is variously accounted for. One of the most interesting theories is that which traces the parallel upright lines back to the Pillars of Hercules; and the S-like figure is the scroll entwined around them. According to tradition, when the Tyrian colony landed on the Atlantic coast of Spain, and founded the ancient citr of Gades, now Cadiz, Melcarthus, the leader of the expedition, set up two stone pillars as memorials over which was built a temple of Hercules. As the temple increased in wealth, the stone pillars were replaced by others, made of an alloy of gold and silver; and those two pillars became, in time, the emblem of the city, as a horse's head became that of Carthage. Centuries later, when Charles V. became emperor of Germany, he adopted a new coat of arms, in which the Pillars of Gades or Cadiz, occupied a prominent position in the device; hence, when a coin, the colonnato, was struck at the imperial mint, it bore a new device,—two pillars with a scroll intwined around them. This coin became a standard of value in the Mediterranean; and the pillars and scroll became its accepted symbol in writing.

The two horizontal bars which cross the English pound sterling are also thought to baxe a similar origin. The symbolic origin of the Pillars of Hercules may be traced far back into the remote era prior to the dispersion of human race from its Asiatic birthplace. They are identified with the household pillars of the Scandinavian; and the idea from which the concrete embodiments spring is to be found alike in the Sanskirt Vedas and in the glowing imagery of the Hebrew poets. They are the symbols of day and night, of light or darkness, which, to the dawning intelligence of the Aryan races, were evidences of the Omnipotent, and, to the Jewish patriarchs, the work of a revealed Creator.

Country Girls.

Up early in the morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the cotton yarn—
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.

Searching the "fixing" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer,
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls.

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FINE GOLD WATCHES,

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Ladies' $25 to $60 and upwards

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